WOLVERINE®
ORIGINS

DANIEL WAY
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OOOHH...

SUN... BURNING...

HOLY STROMBOLI!

W-WHAAAA?!

I'M A--!

WHAT HAPPENED TO MY--?

HEY! HEY, C'MERE!

I NEED HELP!

NOPE.

WHAT? WHY NOT?!

WE RACIN'.

WHO, YOU AND ME?! ***THAT'S*** NOT FAIR!

I LOST.

YOU ***LOST?*** WHAT DO YOU MEAN...SO, I ***WON?***

YOU KNOW WHERE... END IS?

OH...YOU ***ARE*** LOST. I SEE.

BUT...WHY ARE YOU ASKING ***ME*** WHERE THE FINISH LINE IS? I MEAN, I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS ***EITHER,*** BUT EVEN IF I DID, I WOULDN'T TELL ***YOU...***

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY THE ***SHARPEST*** KNIFE IN THE DRAWER, ***ARE*** YOU?

UHH...

...UH-OH.

GOOEY.

I GET IT NOW! WHY YOU'RE LOST, WHY YOU'RE TALKING LIKE A MORON...YOU DON'T HAVE A BRAIN!

WHUH--?

I SHOT YOU IN YOUR BRAIN, REMEMBER?

UHMM...

YEAH, SEE-- I GOT KNOCKED AROUND AND STABBED A FEW TIMES BUT YOU...YOU TOOK A HOT ONE RIGHT IN THE OL' BRAINPAN! I PUT THE MUZZLE RIGHT UP UNDER YOUR JAW AND BLAMMO!

HA! I BET THAT SLUG MADE A REAL MESS OF THINGS, BOUNCING AROUND IN THAT ADAMANTIUM SKULL OF YOURS!

YOU DO REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS, RIGHT?

UHH...

GIMME... CLUE?

MUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

The DEEP END PART 4

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

The mutant Wolverine has spent a century fighting those who would manipulate him for his unique powers—savage claws, heightened senses, and a healing factor capable of miracles. After repeated brainwashing, torture, and reprogramming, Wolverine's past was as much a mystery to him as to anyone. With those long-lost memories finally returned to him, Wolverine has set out on a mission to punish the conspirators who have wronged him.

Recently, a shadowy figure hired Deadpool to hunt down and take out Wolverine. The Merc with a Mouth attacked Logan and the two have been going at it across San Francisco. Deadpool pushed Wolverine into a berserker rage, and when last we saw them, they had passed out after mortally wounding one another. It was a race between their healing factors… and Deadpool won.

YOU SEE HOW THIS IS GONNA WORK, RIGHT?

I FLIP THIS LEVER, YOU GO DOWN. AND THERE'S NOTHING TO BREATHE BUT WATER! AND IS THERE ANYTHING THAT CAN SAVE YOU...?

LET ME SEE... "HEALING FACTOR"!

BZZZT!

FISH-LIKE GILLS!

BZZZT!

UMM, SOME OTHER KINDA--?

BZZZT!

OOOHH... THAT'S A HEARTBREAKER!

AND...

SINCE I **OWN** THIS PLACE, AND SINCE I'VE LOCKED IT UP TIGHTER THAN A **FROG'S BUTT**, AND SINCE THE UTILITIES ARE LINKED TO AN AUTOMATED ACCOUNT AND THE TAXES ARE PAID WELL INTO THE **NEXT DECADE**...

...NOBODY'S GONNA BE COMING AROUND TO PULL YOU UP.

"AND YOU MAY ASK YOURSELF, 'WELL... **HOW DID I GET HERE?**'"

SIMPLE. I **LED** YOU HERE. **BY THE NOSE.**

EVERY SINGLE MOVE--EVERY SINGLE **THING** SINCE THE FORTUNE COOKIE IN CHINATOWN--HAS BEEN METICULOUSLY PLANNED **BY ME**. I KNEW **EXACTLY** WHAT TO DO TO GET **YOU** TO DO **WHAT YOU DO.**

NOW, I KNOW THAT SOUNDS CONFUSING, SO LET ME BREAK IT DOWN FOR YOU:

YOU PLAYED YOURSELF.

HOW'S THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?

DUBBA DUBBA DUBBA

I GUESS I KNEW THAT SAN FRANCISCO WAS AN EXPENSIVE TOWN TO BUY REAL ESTATE IN, BUT ***SERIOUSLY...***

...YOU WOULD NOT ***BELIEVE*** HOW MUCH THIS PLACE COST.

I'LL GIVE YOU A HINT: THE ***ADVANCE*** THAT I GOT FOR ACCEPTING THE JOB OF TAKING YOU OUT?

GONE.

BETWEEN THIS PLACE AND ALL THE MONEY I PAID OUT FOR WEAPONS, EXPLOSIVES, BRIBES, TECH...I'M ACTUALLY COMPLETELY UPSIDE-DOWN ON THIS DEAL.

BUT YOU WANNA KNOW A SECRET? IT WAS NEVER ABOUT THE MONEY--TO TELL YOU THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH, I WOULD'VE TAKEN THIS GIG FOR A MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION AND A HANDFUL OF DAIRY QUEEN COUPONS.

NOPE, IT WASN'T ABOUT THE MONEY AT ALL. IT WAS ABOUT--

YOU'RE NOT CRAZY.

WHAT DO YOU--?

YOU'RE NOT CRAZY.

I'VE SEEN CRAZY. I'VE **BEEN** CRAZY. AN' YOU AIN'T IT.

OKAY, SO...NOW--FROM SOMEWHERE HIDDEN IN YOUR ***DARK AND SECRETIVE PAST***--IT COMES OUT THAT YOU ATTENDED COLLEGE AND RECEIVED A PSYCHOLOGY DEGREE? WHAT, LIKE, ON SOME ***SUPER-SECRET MISSION?***

AND YOU WERE ALL, LIKE, ***"I'M THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT I DO...AN' WHAT I DO IS PSYCHOANALYZE. TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MOTHER."***

OH, AND I BET ***FREUD'S DEATH WASN'T A SUICIDE, AT ALL***--IT WAS ***YOU*** THAT PUMPED THAT MORPHINE INTO HIS ARM, ***RIGHT?***

IT WAS LOGAN IN LONDON WITH A--

YOU ***REALLY*** LOVE THE SOUND O' YER OWN VOICE, ***DON'T*** YA?

SHUT UP.

I DARE YOU...TO SAY THAT TO ME AGAIN.

I SAID-- SHUT UP!

KUNK!

FFAK!

"SERIOUSLY, WHAT THE HELL'S YER PROBLEM, DEADPOOL? DADDY NOT GIVE YOU ENOUGH ATTENTION?"

WHATS MY PROBLEM? WHAT'S *YOUR* PROBLEM?!

KINDA OBVIOUS, AIN'T IT...?

I'M NOT *TALKING* ABOUT NOW--

I'M TALKING ABOUT *YOU RUNNING AROUND THE GLOBE, ACTING LIKE AN A-HOLE!*

D.C.? TOKYO? BRUSSELS?

YEAH--I KNOW ABOUT *ALL* OF THAT. DON'T FORGET, BUDDY-BOY, I'M A *WORLD CLASS MERCENARY...I* HAVE AN INFORMATION NETWORK OF MY *OWN.*

WOW.

"WORLD CLASS", EH?

I SURE AS HELL BEAT THE #$%& OUTTA YOU, DIDN'T I?!

&*%$ THIS.

I DON'T NEED THE AGGRAVATION.

HUH?

YOU ASKED WHAT I WAS UP TO--THAT'S IT.

I'M OUT FOR REVENGE.

UNTIE MY ARMS AN' I'LL CLAP FOR YA.

REVENGE.

"REVENGE."

HAAAH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HAAAAAAAA!

"REVENGE."

SNF!

YOU THINK THAT *YOU* DESERVE TO GET SOME *REVENGE.*

HOW MUCH REVENGE, LOGAN?

ALL OF THE REVENGE?

YOU ARE SUCH A $%@&ING BABY.

I'M A BABY?

I'M A BABY?!

HEY, PUT THAT--

YOU'RE THE BABY!

AAAOW!

YOU!

BABY WANT HIS BOTTLE?!

TENK!

MUHFF--!

FTOP! PLEAVE, WABE!

I GIB UB!

HEH...

HEH-
HEH...

YEAH...

...I GIB
UB *TOO*,
POPS.

HAAA-
HA-HA-HA-
*HAAAAA*AAA-
HA-HA!

WH-
WHY'RE
YOU...

LAPPING...?

BECAUSE
IT'S FUNNY.

"*I'M* NOT THE ONE
WHO HAS A PROBLEM
WITH ***REALITY***, MAN..."

...YOU ARE.

LIFE IS STUPID.

LAUGH AT IT.

YOU'RE A MORON.

MAYBE.

BUT I OUTSMARTED *YOU*, SO--

YOU DIDN'T OUT-SMART ME.

YEAH, OKAY. I DIDN'T OUTSMART YOU. *RIGHT*. IT DOESN'T *MATTER* WHAT YOU *THINK!*

I THINK IT *DOES*.

WHAT, YOU THINK I NEED YOUR ***APPROVAL?!*** YOU THINK I'M LOOKING FOR SOME-- WHAT'S IT CALLED-- ***VALIDATION?!***

NOOOPE!

WRONG ANSWER, &%@#HEAD!

Y'KNOW, I ***KNOW*** SOME PEOPLE THINK I'M JUST A FAILED ATTEMPT AT RE-CREATING ***YOU,*** BUT ***THEY'RE THE MORONS*** BECAUSE THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT ***I'M SOMETHING ELSE!***

SOMETHING ***BETTER!***

OBVIOUSLY!

I MEAN, THERE ***YOU*** ARE HANGING FROM THE CEILING LIKE A ***DUMMY*** AND...AND LOOK AT ***ME!***

I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE OUT FOR ***REVENGE...***

WHAT THE HELL IS *THIS*, THE TEARS OF A CLOWN? YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE AN' THAT'S *IT*.

NOW, SINCE YER HEALIN' FACTOR'S SO DAMN *IMPRESSIVE*, HOW 'BOUT YOU *GROW A PAIR* AN' PULL THAT *LEVER?*

'CAUSE IF YER ABOUT TO GO ON ABOUT HOW *MEAN* THIS WORLD'S BEEN TO YOU, I THINK I'D RATHER $#%*IN' DROWN.

OHMY*GOD* ARE YOU A PIECE OF $%#*!

DOES ANYONE ACTUALLY *LIKE* YOU?

NOT REALLY.

BUT A LOT O' FOLKS *ACT* LIKE THEY DO BECAUSE THEY KNOW IT'S BETTER TO BE MY *FRIEND* THAN MY *ENEMY*.

EXACTLY!

BECAUSE THEY *KNOW* WHAT YOU ARE AND THEY'RE *DEALING* WITH IT!

UNLIKE *YOU!*

...WHAT?!

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, DUDE! "YOU ARE WHAT YOU IS"!

WAIT--THAT WAS ZAPPA. WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID...?

AH, NEVER MIND.

YOU'RE A HIPPOCRITE.

HOW 'BOUT PULLIN' ON THAT LEVER INSTEAD O' YOUR--

YOU CANNOT DEAL WITH WHAT YOU ARE.

ME? I'M DEADPOOL, "THE MERC WITH A MOUTH."

GOOD SHOTS AND BAD JOKES-- THAT'S ME.

YOU'RE WOLVERINE, THE BERSERKER WILDMAN OF THE WOODS.

YOU'RE THE BEST AT WHAT YOU DO AND WHAT YOU DO ISN'T PRETTY.

NOW, THAT MEANS YOU KILL PEOPLE, RIGHT? RIGHT?

"THAT'S YOU."

YEAH, WADE... THAT'S ME. I'M A KILLER.

BUT SOME O' THOSE I KILLED, MAYBE *MOST* OF 'EM, DIDN'T *DESERVE*--

OOPS!

YOUR BAD!

DIDN'T STOP YOU FROM BEING ACCEPTED INTO THE *X-MEN*, DID IT?

HUH? *THE X-MEN*--?

TALK ABOUT *HIPPOCRISY! I* MEAN, IF THEY LET *YOU* IN, YOU'D THINK THEY'D LET *ANYBODY* IN BUT *NOOO...*

YOU WANNA...? YER NOT EVEN A *MUTANT!*

NO, I'M *NOT*. BUT I'M NOT EXACTLY HUMAN, *AM* I?

Y'KNOW, MAYBE THEY *DID* ONLY WANT YOU BECAUSE THEY WERE AFRAID OF YOU... OR BECAUSE THEY KNEW THEY COULD *USE* YOU.

BUT AT LEAST THEY *WANTED* YOU.

ABANDONMENT ISSUES? PERHAPS SOME UNRESOLVED CONFLICTS WITH YOUR *FATHER?*

I SUPPOSE I *SHOULD* SYMPATHIZE...

WHO'S *THIS* GUY?

AND WHAT UP WITH THE HAIR?

I'VE REALLY ENJOYED WATCHING YOU WORK...

...BUT SADLY, IT'S *CURTAINS* FOR YOUR LITTLE COMEDY ACT.

DON'T MAKE ME GET THE HOOK.

HOLD ON THERE, *LAST OF THE MOHAWKIANS...*

...I'M THE ONE WHO TELLS THE JOKES AROUND HERE.

KLAK!

RRING!

HELLO?

OKAY, I'LL TELL HIM.

THAT WAS *1985.*

IT WANTS ITS--

--HAIRCUT--

--WOW.

GOTTA...

H-HAND IT TO YOU...

"DEADPOOL," IS IT? I THINK YOU SHOULD LEAVE NOW.

KLANK!

YOU'RE IN OVER YOUR HEAD.

SPLOOSH!

TO BE CONCLUDED...